

The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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WHOLE NO. 181.

The Poet's Corner.

A DOUBTING HEART.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O, doubting heart!
Far over purple seas
They wait, in sunny case,
The balmy southern breeze
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Poisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O, doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O, doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon, for spring is nigh,
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair Hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night:
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O, doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADLAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

THE ROBIN.

My old Welch neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother; "have you not heard,
My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

"He brings cool dews in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin:
You can see the mark on his red breast still,
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of Our Lord
Is he who pitied the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all
Who suffer, like Him, in the good they do!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Our Special Contributors.

OVERLAND LETTERS.

THE HOME OF JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS AND BENJAMIN F. WADE.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

JEFFERSON, OHIO, June 4th.

DEAR MRS. BULLARD:—En route for California, I have passed two weeks in northern Ohio lecturing on Woman's Suffrage, and am glad to tell our New York friends that the women are everywhere wide awake to the new phase of our question, as set forth in the report of Butler and Loughridge, in the Woodhull memorial: claiming that women are already citizens by the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the Federal Constitution.

This, as you know, is the home of Joshua R. Giddings and Benjamin F. Wade—two of Ohio's noblest men. The former now sleeps beneath a substantial family monument, having maintained a brave position in Congress for twenty-one years, when the battle against slavery was inaugurated; the most stormy period of our national history. I have passed two days in the old homestead, where a good portrait of this great man looks down from the walls that now echo to the voices of his children and grandchildren. A little incident shows that the spirit of freedom still reigns at that hearthstone. Mrs. Giddings having often expressed a wish that the high, old-fashioned windows might be cut down, that she might be able to see the lawn, carriages passing, and the noble form of her husband going to and from his office, was at last told by his Honor one day that he thought it an unnecessary expense and innovation, but if it would add to her happiness, by all means to have one cut down for her special use. Accordingly, the first time the amiable gentleman left home to attend court, his wife, having all things ready, cut down one window in the most conspicuous place, knowing that it would compel him to cut down the remainder. When he returned he found her in the full enjoyment of her new lookout. Expressing surprise at the awkward appearance of the French window, she replied that she had acted according to orders; she did not care for architectural harmony, and had sought simply her own comfort and convenience. Whenever she entered the parlor and found him seated in her window, she uniformly routed him out. In the meantime, he was quietly making his preparations to give her a surprise, and the first time she left home he had a general cutting down all round the house, substituting a new entrance, with stained glass and stone steps, for the old worn porch and door that had turned on its hospitable hinges for many weary travelers, poor Indians, fugitive slaves and wives, hunted abolitionists, and old John Brown.

Seeing that the fires of liberty were all glowing in the soul of the younger Mrs. Giddings, I called her attention, as we strolled in the cemetery, to the inscription on their granite monument, "Joshua R. and Laura W. Giddings," to show how the mother's family name is always ignored. The world may never care who "Laura" was, but her descendants will wish to know the family name of the woman who, in a little pioneer town, brought up a large family of children, with her husband off in Washington most of the time, for twenty-one long years. It seems to me it would not be asking too much of sires and sons to have the names of noble women on the marble slabs that mark their last resting-place.

I had a long, pleasant talk to-day with Hon. Ben Wade, under his own fig-tree, or rather in his fine new house built by his wife during his absence in San Domingo—another testimonial to woman's executive ability. I was encouraged to hear Mrs. Wade say that she was so strong-minded thirty years ago as to insist that the word "obey" should be left out of her marriage ceremony. Mrs. Wade is a queenly-looking woman, and impresses one as genuine and sincere.

Rest from the cares of public life, with a sea voyage, has quite rejuvenated the Ohio senator. I will not speculate on the age of a man who has been eighteen years in the senate of the United States, because I know politicians are sensitive on this point; but Mr. Wade cannot be over sixty. His teeth are fine, his hair still a rich, dark brown, his step quick, his manners and conversation easy and cheerful. He talked freely to Mr. Giddings and myself on politics, religion, and social life, not only in the United States, but in San Domingo.

He thinks the annexation of that island must be a good speculation for us, as the country is rich in productions and resources, the population small, and the character of the people superior to the masses under our flag. In listening to Mr. Wade's statesmanlike presentation of his views, while recalling Mr. Sumner's startling denunciation of the whole scheme, my mind was racked with anxiety as to the doubt and bewilderment of womanhood in some future Congress, when some such tough national problem might come up for solution, of which "the Nation says the feminine soul can know nothing."

As I thought of all the study, reading, travel, the knowledge of history, physical geography, law, science, and philosophy involved in an intelligent vote on the San Domingo question, for example, I trembled for my countrywomen, and thought of writing a letter to THE REVOLUTION urging them to give up the demand for suffrage, as that involved the fearful responsibility of holding office; but just then some discriminating angel suggested that if Sumner and Wade, with all their learning, took exactly opposite views

of the same subject, and the mass of the blockheads in Congress vote on one side or the other of any bill, without the slightest knowledge of its merits, that women even might discharge the high responsibilities of law-makers quite as creditably as the men by their side, without being overburthened with sense or statistics. So concluding that affairs cannot be administered worse than they now are, I urge the women throughout the country to press their demands with new courage; and that they may be ready for all the high duties of citizenship, to give their leisure hours to the study of science, philosophy, political economy, and constitutional law, remembering that we do the best work for our own homes and children in the establishment of those laws, that shall secure peace and prosperity in all homes, and establish justice in the outside world, where, sooner or later, those dear ones that gather round our firesides to-day must play their part.

P. S.—In running over my letter, which I have written in great haste, I see I have omitted one important remark of the Ohio senator. He had just read Butler's report and Riddle's speech, and pronounced them unanswerable. He says women are clearly citizens, and under the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments they have the right to vote.

KEEPING THE WOLF AWAY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY BERTIE BRUCE.

CHAPTER III.

But now the dull season, following Christmas, set in, and work gradually fell off, and finally ceased. May and her mother were adepts in all kinds of fancy work, and expending half of their small means in materials, they set to work, and manufactured tidies, cushions, toilet sets, etc. Taking some of these to a store with which they had dealt, May asked the proprietress if she could sell them for her.

"I should be very glad to sell them for you, Miss Sidney," said the lady, "if it were possible to sell anything of that kind now, but it is not. There are half a dozen fairs open at which quantities of such things are exposed for sale, and everybody needing them thinks it a duty to buy them there."

"Who makes them?" asked May, who had a very slight experience of fairs, her mother never having engaged in them, and their troubles and seclusion during the past two years had quite effaced from her recollection what she had known of their workings.

"Ladies who have plenty of time, buy and beg materials, and work for months before, to get up these fairs, and during their continuance, our fancy business is at a stand-still. It is a great injury to shop-keepers, who pay rent and other expenses, but in addition to this loss, we are expected to contribute to them, our regular customers presuming upon our unwillingness to offend them by a refusal."

"What do they do with the money?" again asked May.

"It is applied to various purposes. Sometimes a fair is got up to raise money to fresco a church, another to furnish one, or repair it, or clear off a mortgage or a ground rent; sometimes to found a home for indigent wo-

men, or old men, or to provide fuel for the poor; there is always something to work for."

"But why do not these ladies give the money at once, instead of working for it in that way?"

"Because it would cost much more. They buy materials and work them up into articles that sell for four times their cost. Their work goes for nothing."

"Then poor women are deprived of work to enable these ladies to contribute to fairs at little cost to themselves. But it seems to me that the poor would rather buy their own fuel, and live in their own houses, than be made paupers of in that way."

"You would, but many of the poor will not work, and others are too old and infirm to support themselves."

"Then we that are willing to work, but cannot beg, must starve and freeze, that ladies may dole out fuel and food, to lazy and impudent beggars, who will not work? It is right enough that the aged and infirm should be cared for, but it seems to me that even they need not be paupers, if they had worked when they were well, or if they had been justly remunerated for their work."

She was interrupted by the entrance of a lady in whom she recognized one of her mother's customers, and who now came up to the counter, and said to Miss Harris,

"My dear Miss Harris, we are getting up a fair to raise money to build a wing to our Home for Old Men, and I have promised to get one of those handsome chair covers, and fill it up; I want you to give it to me as low as you possibly can, for you know it is a charity, and we must all do what we can for the poor."

And Miss Harris took the covers out of the case, and displayed them upon the glass top, responding politely and patiently to all of her questions and remarks.

But my lady was hard to please, and wanted the handsomest at the price of the commonest. She concluded, finally, that if Miss Harris would deduct three dollars from the price, she would take the handsome one, and pay her when the fair was over, "as, really, it required so much money to get things, that she was quite bare."

And Miss Harris, considering that it might remain on hand altogether, let it go, though all her profit was in the three dollars deducted.

When she was gone, May came forward, and said,

"Miss Harris, that woman owes my mother for the making and trimming of the dress she wears, and when I asked her for it, she said that mother overcharged her, and that she would not pay the bill until she deducted one third the amount. And when mother sent the bill again, reduced as desired, because she needed the money, she answered that she could not pay it until this fair was over, as she needed all her money for that."

While she spoke, the lady returned, saying that she had forgotten the zephyr for filling up. While she was selecting it a friend came in, who seemed delighted at meeting her, and thought the chair "lovely," "exquisite," "just your taste, Mrs. Haughton; but your taste is exquisite; I never saw anything so lovely as that opera cloak you wore last night; where did you get it? How gloriously Nilsson sang,

did she not? Do you think her equal to Patti? You have a box for the season, have you not? No! as you are there every night I thought you had. But I must go. Adieu, my dear," and she hurried away, followed, soon after, by her friend, who had the zephyr charged also.

The blood had risen indignantly into May's face during this colloquy, and as soon as she could command her voice, she broke out with, "So it is the poor working-people, after all, who build homes for the indi-ent, and fresco churches, and clear off groundrents! My lady denies herself no pleasure, no luxury, to enable her to contribute to them, but she haggles with you until she gets three dollars off her purchase, though you do go threadbare, and she browbeats my mother until she deducts one-third the price of her days and nights of toil, though she must eat her bread without butter in consequence, and between you, my lady is enabled to make a gift worthy of her position in society. Oh, charity! what depths of meanness and cruelty is your sweet name made to cover!"

"This is your first glimpse of fashionable human nature, and you are shocked at the picture, but when you have fought the world half as long as I have, you will be surprised at nothing. Why, just before Christmas, a woman, dressed like a lady, had the effrontry to ask me to take off all the profit of a small article she bought, alleging that it was for a gift, and that she had so much to buy that her purse was almost exhausted. I, so cramped and pressed by heavy expenses, a high rent, and the effects of a dull season, that I could not give my little nieces so much as a box of bon-bons, must contribute my whole profit on her purchase, so that she may give a present to a person whom I never saw."

"And did you do it?" asked May.

"Yes, I did, for the same reason that induced me to make the reduction on the chair-cover—the risk of keeping it on hand, or being obliged to sell it at last at cost or less."

"But what can we do during this dull season? Work of all kinds has almost ceased, and it looks very much as though we shall have to beg or starve."

"Have you ever applied to the 'ladies' store' for work?"

"No, I have not; really, I forgot its existence, though mother used to have all our underwear made there. Do you think I could sell these things there, or get work?"

"It is possible, though, these fairs reduce their business as well as ours, but you can at least try."

"I will, immediately, for we need money, and mother depended upon the price of these things for money to get coal!" and with a hasty farewell, and renewed hope, May turned her face toward the Ladies' Store, an institution managed by a society of ladies, to furnish work to reduced or needy women.

When she entered, both attendants were engaged, and feeling fatigued she seated herself until she could be waited upon. One of the persons at the counter was a young lady, about May's age, and whose voice seemed familiar to her, but as she could not see her face, she could not determine her identity. A moment after, she turned her face toward May, and the latter recognized a school friend who had graduated with her.

Emma Wood was the eldest of three child-

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ren, of a widowed mother left well provided for, and well able to continue in the handsome, comfortable home that had been theirs at her husband's death.

May and Emma, though never intimate, had been friendly, but May's sensitive pride would not permit her to address Emma until the latter had first indicated a desire to renew their acquaintance.

So May sat still, while Emma continued her conversation with the attendant. She seemed to be disappointed about something, and May heard her say, rather pettishly.

"How provoking it is, when I wanted the money so much. What is the reason, Miss Mary, that business is so dull now?"

"There are so many fairs open that it is almost impossible to sell goods now. Poor women, who live by their needles, have rich ladies for competitors, ladies who will not take the money and *give* it to the charity for which the fair is held, but who go about and beg, or buy for cost, materials which they make up at home, and sell for the benefit of their pet project. And their labors are not confined to fancy goods, but every article of a child's or lady's wardrobe can be bought at these fairs made by ladies of leisure. Costing little, as the materials are either gifts from their male friends and merchants, or bought at cost, and the work gratuitous, they can, of course, undersell the shop-keepers, who have rents to pay, besides living wages to their employees. Some good, I suppose, is done, but a vast deal more injury, and that to the most deserving class of poor; those who are willing and anxious to work."

"Why, that is just what I wanted this money for! I wished to get zephyr to knit an afghan for the fair for the Home of Old Men, and I depended upon the money I should get for these things."

"Then you are not working for your support?" said Miss Mary, in some surprise.

"O, dear, no! I only work for a little pocket-money, as mamma is not rich, and it costs so much to dress us. I wanted to give something to our fair, as mamma is one of the managers, but I felt too poor to take the money, so I thought I could earn it during my leisure, and make a handsome present to the fair. A great many young ladies get pocket-money in that way."

The other customer, who had stood a silent listener to this conversation, now turned an indignant face to Emma, and said, in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"Then it is you, and such as you, who fill these shelves and counters with work, and crowd us out! When I bring work, they tell me they can receive no more, they are overstocked, and cannot sell what they have. And that you may contribute to fairs, without depriving yourself of a single luxury or gratification, *we*, who depend for our daily bread upon the price of our daily toil, must freeze and starve, or beg! And your mother believes she is doing a good work in reducing willing workers to beggary, and, when self-respect is lost in pauperism, building homes for them. And this is charity!"

Emma looked frightened and abashed, and stammering out some words, expressive of her surprise and disgust at the violence of the other, she turned away and left the store.

The other, a thin, pale woman, of thirty-

five, or thereabout, turned to Miss Mary, and said, apologetically:

"I forgot myself, and spoke too harshly, I fear, but I have suffered so much from the selfishness and thoughtlessness of the rich and well-to-do, that I fear I shall learn to hate my kind. And now you tell me you cannot receive my work, and have not sold the last I left here. God help me! My little Eddie is crying with hunger at home, and my 'coal-bin' is empty. But one more step, and that is beggary. When we can once bring ourselves to *that*, the rest is easy, for ladies will be for us, and collect, and work, but they will not let us work, or pay us living prices when we do." These last words were said more to herself than to any one present, and sadly she turned away and left the store.

(CONTINUED)

LET HIM, WHO IS WITHOUT SIN, CAST THE FIRST STONE.

BY F. A. HINCKLEY.

Oppressed classes usually find some one to speak for them, usually command more or less of eloquence and logic on their side; but there is one class in our large cities for whom few voices are raised, and in whose behalf few deeds are done. "Fallen women," and "women of the town," we call them, and good, pious people shudder when they hear the words pronounced. A careful study of their natures, however, will reveal the fact that they are much like the rest of us, with many of the same weaknesses, and not a few of the same virtues. Circumstances have been against them instead of for them, that is all.

The report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, recently published, in the course of its able treatment of the condition and needs of the working-women, says: "Statistics prove, beyond doubt, that most fallen women have been compelled to their fall by poverty. They sell their womanhood for bread to sustain life." Sad, but true statement.

The young girl brought into the whirl and excitement of the city only to be betrayed, driven from one occupation to another of the few that are open to her, and half paid in them all; finally, starved and maddened to despair, gives up her virtue and goes down to one of those nameless hells, which our so-called civilization allows to exist. Once there, the light of hope goes from her eyes, and she soon becomes physically, socially, and morally corrupted and ruined.

Does the church follow her there? Do the charitable and reformatory societies seek her out and try to save her? No, for the most part, there is for her no friendly voice, no outstretched hand, no sympathizing heart. Society's dainty finger cannot touch her, and she is passed by like an unclean thing on the other side.

"Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it is pitiful,
Near a whole city full;
Home she has none!"

In the meantime, the man who, in the weakest moment of her life, tempted her—who, when the balance between virtue and vice hung almost even, threw his influence into the scale for vice—walks the streets of the metropolis an honored and respected citizen; no law under which to arrest *him*; no authority

with the chief of police to publish *his* name to the world. The sin of the woman is frowned upon by society, and that, too, when the low wages and subordinate condition which society compel her to take, are in a large measure the cause of it. The sin of the man is robbed of its hideousness, and excused and passed over until it is made to appear almost a virtue.

This question is no superficial one. It goes to the very core of our social living. The terrible condition of these women points with sad but effective eloquence to the real cause of the difficulty. If women were regarded as political, social, and moral equals of men, houses of ill-fame would not be heard of. It is because men have not a high and chaste respect for womanhood—aye, and because, also, woman does not possess sufficient respect for herself, that these haunts of corruption exist. It is because, under the home roof, society tolerates, if it does not approve, an entire subordination of the wife to the husband, physically, intellectually, socially. She must minister to his passions, and carry out his will, but be careful that she does not have a will of her own if it conflicts with his. She is, just so far as he chooses to make her, his slave. The natural, inevitable result, is a low estimate of woman's position and character, and an increase of arrogant assumptions on the part of men. How often this is seen in families where the boy following in the footsteps of that father who has no decent respect for his wife, and who, in many cases, has taught her to have none for herself, shows an entire lack of respect for his mother. Example is better than precept. Show me the boy who treats his mother and sister as if they had no rights, which he is bound to respect, and I immediately suspect that there is but one head to that household, and that head the man. Now, if under home influence, such corruption can take place, is it strange that those who have to battle with the hardest and coldest side of the world, single-handed and alone, should fall?

Only with the incoming of the new era of equal rights can this dark cloud of evil now hovering about us be dispelled. Then, when women shall sit in our legislative halls and have a hand in making the laws, no man will be found dastardly enough to propose to legalize the social evil? Political equality, however, is not all. Her equality in society, and especially in the home, must be guaranteed. Then we shall have reached the underlying cause of the present corruption, and see it vanishing away before a respectful affection, which shall be as pure as the sunlight, and as truly free.

DANGEROUS.—An old lady read an item in one of the papers, the other day, describing how a grindstone burst in a saw-factory, and killed four men. She just happened to remember that there was a small grindstone down in her cellar, leaning up against the wall. So she went out and got an accident insurance policy, and then, summoning the hired girl, and holding the pie-board in front of her, so that if the thing exploded her face would not be injured, she had the stone taken out in the alley, where twenty-four buckets of water were thrown on it, and a stick was stuck in the hole, bearing a placard marked "Dangerous." She says it's a mercy the whole house was not blown to pieces by the thing before this.

Notes About Women.

—An Ellsworth, Me., lady has twelve twins among her "jewels."

—Charlotte Cushman will have a cottage at Newport this season.

—Nilsson has sung 100 nights in America, and she has made \$100,000 by it.

—Olivia, of the Philadelphia *Press*, will write a series of articles for *Harper's Bazaar*.

—Miss Burdett Coutts is said to have once been offered the hand and heart of the Duke of Wellington.

—"An Eternal Divorce" is what the Chicago *Tribune* heads the account of a recent murderer in that city.

—Mr. Wm. M. Carleton, who wrote "Betsy and I are Out," is said to be Petroleum V. Nasby.

—Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford, of New Haven, is writing "Notes from My Study," for the *Nantucket Inquirer*.

—We may look coldly upon the sweetest and most gentle dew of love till it becomes snow or frost.

—The girls of Athole, Mass., whipped the boys of that burg at baseball, the other day, and are now recognized as the coming women of that section.

—Ladies who wear point lace shawls should know, to appreciate them, that it takes two hundred women for two years, at steady work, to finish one.

—The ladies of Dublin, Galway, Belfast, and other Irish towns, have sent numerously signed petitions to Parliament asking for the political enfranchisement of women.

—A recent number of a lady's magazine, in its "Housekeeper's Department," informs its readers that "Virginia housewives make the best of pickles." This is a horrible suggestion.

—Miss Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College, Clara Louise Kellogg, Adelaide Phillips, Charlotte Cushman, and Harriet Hosmer have been lately elected honorary members of Sorosis.

—Miss Jessie McLean, an American actress, who some fifteen years ago appeared at the "Gaities" in New Orleans, has recently married Lord Cowper, the step-son of the late Lord Palmerston.

—Miss Isabella Bateman, sister of the celebrated Kate Bateman, made her *debut* at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, with great success. She is only seventeen years of age, and of great beauty.

—A lady who had a great horror of tobacco got into a railroad carriage the other day, and inquired of a male neighbor: "Do you chew tobacco, sir?" "No, madam, I don't," was the reply, "but I can get you a chew if you want one."

—Mrs. L. B. Chandler has published an able essay on motherhood. She touches some very important subjects, about which the majority of mothers have reflected far too little, with a firm but delicate hand. The recklessness with which disease, both mental and physical, is entailed upon offspring deserves, and must receive a large share of attention in the future, and such thinkers as Mrs. Chandler have a great work to perform.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been elected president of the New England Woman's Club, and a large number of the literary and social magnates of Boston figure among the vice-presidents and members of the executive committee.

—Mrs. Moore is a Tennessee lady, and when her little boy fell down twenty-four feet well, she simply grasped the rope, swing herself to the water, fished the child out with her feet, and came up with him hand over hand to dry land and her housework again.

—Miss Jane O. DeForest, of East Norwalk, Ohio, is lecturing very successfully through the West on Woman Suffrage, and kindred subjects. She is highly spoken of by the press, and the matter and manner of her discourse are both said to be excellent.

—Madame George Sand's pen is truly a *plume d'or*. In the new contract she has concluded with the publishers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, it is stipulated that she is to receive from them 200 francs a page for every new novel she writes. She retains the right to publish them afterward in book form.

—Mrs. Sarah J. Hall has just issued a book called the "Womanly Record." This work contains the results of intelligent research among the best sources, presenting a valuable Cyclopedias *Feminina* of the most remarkable women of the world, dating from the creation down to 1869.

—Little Maggie Mitchell has worked like a beaver for many years, and is now the possessor of a fortune of three hundred thousand dollars, and a handsome stone house in New-York. Her husband, one Mr. Paddock, is a Western merchant, and her little daughter, now two years old, is appropriately named Fanchon.

—Louisa Holden, the *debutante* mentioned last week by us, talked to the boarders at the Working Woman's Home, upon Elizabeth street, last Thursday evening. She also entertained them with several readings and recitations of a humorous nature. In our next issue we shall furnish our readers with a sketch of the "Home," from the lecturer's own pen.

—Dicken's Mrs. Havisham, in "Great Expectations," has a remarkable counterpart in Louisville, in the person of a rich old woman of seventy, who lives all alone with doors and blinds closely shut, and has not set foot outside her own doors in eleven years, except to attend church a few times, and then she was closely veiled and muffled. One old woman is her only visitor. She never allows an article of furniture to be moved, and lives in constant dread of a fire, because of the publicity which would result.

—Miss Susan L. F. Smith, daughter of Rev. Dr. William A. Smith, of Virginia, for twenty years president of Randolph Macon College, lately gave a matinée recitation of Tennyson's "Maud" to a critical and appreciative audience. Her rendition of this beautiful and difficult piece of art work by England's laureate, showed that she entered into the conception of the author, developing for the casual reader ideas, beauties and excellencies before unnoticed. She displayed wonderful powers of memory, scarcely faltering throughout, and we hope at some time in the future, she will give an evening recital before a larger audience.

—Kate Field is jubilant over the Rev. Robert Collyer's brave sermon in defence of the drama. It is well that Robert Collyer has spoken those words, and if clergymen generally would spend as much time in rescuing a noble institution from evil influences, as they now spend in vainly denouncing play-going, far more good might be accomplished.

—The *Saturday Review* finds an explanation for the superior gallantry of American men over other nationalities in the discipline of ancestral Puritanism, and says:

"We suspect that in England the sort of gallantry exhibited by the Cavalier and non-Puritan world was often anything but respectful; and that true courtesy, like cleanliness and punctuality, was among the special virtues of a lowlier and sterner class."

Thus the palm of fine manners is snatched away from the Cavalier, and, as he has never had much but manners to recommend him, the last feather being plucked away, he presents a sorry figure indeed.

—Abby Sage Richardson, in the last number of *Scribner's*, draws a vivid and painful picture of the domestic white slavery which exists in New England homes, because of bad servants. She favors the introduction of Chinamen into our kitchens. We, for our part, think our domestic troubles arise almost as much from the ignorance of mistresses as the unskillfulness of maids. It will not prove a cure-all to train the hands of the establishment while the head remains thoroughly incompetent.

—Girls who place all their dependence on pink and white beauty, ought to remember what N. P. Willis once wrote on the power of education to beautify—that it absolutely chiselled the features; that he had seen many a clumsy nose and thick pair of lips so modified by thought awakened and active sentiment as to be unrecognizable. And he put it on the ground that we so often see people homely and unattractive in youth, bloom in middle life into a softened Indian summer of good looks and mellow tones.

—Thackeray declared that he could sit all night talking to a well regulated, kindly woman about her daughter Fanny, or her boy Frank, and enjoy the entertainment. "One of the great benefits," he said, "a man may derive from woman's society in that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your morals, men, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world, and the greatest benefit that comes to a man from a woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful."

—We understand that eleven ladies are now studying medicine in Edinburgh, and that several others are industriously preparing for the autumn examinations in arts, when two or more scholarships are to be offered for competition. It is a somewhat curious instance of compensation, that since the Hope Scholarship was refused to its rightful winner and since so many other difficulties have been thrown in the way of all the ladies, numbers of friends have come forward to offer these special scholarships for the encouragement of those who are met by such special and unusual hindrances. When once opposition passes the bounds of fair-play, it is pretty sure to awaken partisanship no less determined, and so it has been here.

—A thoughtful writer, in the *Christian Era*, touches, as we believe, the root of the trouble relative to marriage and divorce, while condemning hasty, ill-advised matches. He says:

"Every clergyman knows that many of the parties presenting themselves for marriage are not fit to enter into such solemn engagements. With no visible means of support, and scarcely any knowledge of each other, young men and women are married, and the minister says, 'What God hath joined together let not man put asunder.' What God hath joined, forsooth! It is a serious question how many of these persons are joined by God? We have no right to put upon the Almighty all these ill-assorted matches, and say he made them. God joins only what should be put together, what harmonizes, what cements. He permits a great many things which he utterly condemns."

—In 1867 the nucleus of a woman's college for students above the age of eighteen was established at Hitchin, England, with a class of six, the instruction being given by lecturers from Cambridge and London. It was thought at that time that the establishment of such a college at Cambridge would prove distracting to the undergraduates, but the plan of bringing instructors from a distance has not worked well, and it is now proposed to purchase a site for a female college within three miles of classic Cambridge. Recently a large meeting was held in support of the proposed foundation at Great St. James's Hall. The Hon. Cowper Temple, M. P., presided, and among the speakers were Lord Lyttleton, the Bishop of Peterborough, and Mrs. Garrett Anderson. Mrs. Anderson delivered an eloquent address in favor of the higher education of women, and was loudly applauded. She believes that women are about to enter upon a wider range of duties, that social independence and political independence are being gradually given to women, and that therefore they should especially desire to receive that culture which, precious under all circumstances, was more than ever precious to those who would duly discharge the responsibilities of freedom—for freedom, after all, is not an end, but a means to an end.

—The Sherman-Dahlgren party are circulating petitions to Congress against the extension of suffrage to woman. They are helping along our special work, by doing their share to keep the subject before the public, and insomuch as they force their country-women to form opinions for or against, we are glad to see them astir. But we beg all women to whom these petitions may be offered *not* to sign them without a thorough examination of the whole subject. It is right that every intelligent woman should hold her opinions in abeyance until she has thoroughly examined the grounds on which we base our claims. Let her read Mr. Mills' book, the tracts written by Frances Power Cobbe, Beecher, Curtis, Mrs. Stanton's arguments, and others, and if she then finds her opposition impregnable, we shall be ready to respect her stand. But it will be a shame to any intelligent American woman to sign an anti-suffrage petition without having read and thought sufficiently on the subject to be able to render a reason for the course she may take. So convinced are we that we have logic, right, and justice on our side, that we invite and implore examination into the grounds of our belief, satisfied that nine women out of every ten who look into the subject will become converts to our faith.

—Mrs. President Madison, certes one of the most brilliant women who have graced Washington society, used to expend a thousand dollars per annum on turbans. She wore one to her latest day, long after wearing turbans had ceased to be the fashion. These turbans were made of the finest material, and trimmed to match her various dresses. Her old servant speaks of one of her dresses of purple velvet, with a long train trimmed with gold lace, with which she wore a turban also ornamented with gold lace, and a pair of gold shoes. With a white satin dress she wore a turban spangled with silver, and silver shoes.

—Celia Burleigh, in a discourse on the Ministry of Sin, at the meeting of Progressive Friends, said: "The cause of humanity suffers more from its priests and pharisees than from its publicans and harlots. The world cannot afford to damn its sinners, nor will it be saved without their help. Humanity is one, and not till Lazarus is cured of his sores will Dives be safe. Whoever will thrust Magdalene into the pit shall find that he has dropped with her into the flames the key that should have opened Heaven for him, and assuredly shall he remain outside until she, her purification completed, shall haply take pity on him and bring it thence."

—The subject of female education seems to excite the interest of Italian ladies, several of whom have devoted their time to giving lectures with a view to improvement. The *Athenaeum* says that in Milan a course of scientific and literary conferences has been inaugurated by Signora Toriani, at which ladies have delivered addresses on matters connected with female education. Amongst them the Signora Malvina Franck gave lectures on the following subjects: "The Condition of Women among the Ancients;" "On Matrimony;" "On the Women of America;" "On Ignorance;" and "On Materialism in Marriage." It is said that the excellent example set by these ladies will soon be followed in the other cities of Italy.

—There is an American lady, Mrs. Gould, who has established a Children's Mission and Aid Society in Rome. A foreign letter-writer says: "Between thirty and forty sturdy young Romans, near babyhood and upward, are gathered together by this cheery-hearted woman every day from ten to four, in the Vicolo Sodhrini, on the Corso. And the sweet ones do crumple her snowy, crimped apron, for they are lifted right into her lap. They are no longer clad in goat-skin, and black with the foulness of the streets, that not even the overflowing Tiber could make clean. New clothes are cut and made every Wednesday evening at Mrs. Gould's home. Even gentlemen find they can be made generally useful, in one branch of that domestic service. They cut and paste pictures, only pretty, cheerful ones; these are used for rewards, and to build stories upon. This work was begun a few months ago with a nucleus of 50 francs, and an unrecorded margin of faith. She has now raised 1200 francs. But dark-eyed contadini mothers turn sorrowfully away from the Corso every day, because there are no francs left to provide raiment and dinners of soup and bread, or bread and wine, and books and teachers for their children also. Oh, full-hearted Americans! will you not reach across the Atlantic to the Tiber, and help Mrs. Gould to nurse this frail gem of Italian unity?"

Mrs. Livermore made her maiden speech during the war in aid of a sanitary fair in Dubuque. The audience was packed with notables, governors, generals, and colonels, and when called upon to set forth the claims of the soldier boys, this brave woman, who had faced all manner of fatigue and hardship for their sake, utterly refused to speak a word. At last, however, the appeal became too strong, and she arose with a fluttering heart and a voice that quivered like an aspen, and began her address. She saw, felt, and heard nothing, until the wants of the suffering soldiers flashed before her mind, and then such a tide of eloquence and pathos poured forth that the audience was melted to tears. Her speech lasted an hour and a half, and at the end of that time eighty-eight barrels of sauer kraut, five hundred barrels of potatoes, and \$1,500 in cash were collected on the spot.

—The dangerous and vulgar practice which many young women indulge in, of answering matrimonial advertisements, and carrying on correspondence with total strangers with a view to marriage, has received a striking commentary from the career of one Dabney, a married man who, under the name of J. D. Platt and F. M. Works, advertised for correspondence with girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty, and finally contracted an engagement with a girl at Connersville, Ind. Being a thorough scamp he was turned out of a boarding-house and his trunk seized for non-payment of board, and subsequently when opened by his wife was found to contain one hundred and fifty love letters, and a number of photographs from the silly girls he had cheated. These documents are in the hands of lawyers, and were made public in court. Let any girl think twice before she runs the risk of this species of humiliation. If she has nothing better to do than to scribble notes to married scoundrels like this Dabney, we would advise her to go into her mother's kitchen, or keep herself out of mischief by some other kind of useful employment. We are convinced that idleness is the principle cause of this species of folly.

—The Rev. M. D. Conway was recently invited to deliver a discourse in London on Robert Owen. The following letter to the *National Reformer* explains itself, and will prove interesting to numbers of the devoted friends of Mrs. Rose, in this country. Mrs. Bullard has written a sketch of the work this famous woman's right advocate is doing in England, which will ere long appear in our paper:

"DISCOURSES UPON ROBERT OWEN.—Sir:—It is true, as stated in the *National Reformer*, that I had designed to deliver a discourse upon Robert Owen on Sunday, May 14th, but I am happy to state through your columns, if you will allow me, that I have obtained the consent of Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, of New York, to give the address at South Place on that occasion.—No doubt to the majority of your readers it is enough to give Mrs. Rose's name to secure their interest, so well known in the Freethinking ranks are her brave and eloquent services; but for others it may be well to state that Mrs. Rose was first introduced to a public audience in London by Robert Owen, at the opening of his great hall, she being then a young girl fresh from Poland; that she has since that time become distinguished in America by a clearness and force which few speakers have attained; and that her long acquaintance with Robert Owen, as well as her representative character toward the principles that must be always associated with his name, render it especially fortunate that she is able to be with us on the centenary birth day of that historical man.

"I am, sir, yours respectfully, M. D. CONWAY."

The Revolution.

Our Mail Bag.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, June 18th, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

We of Chicago caught Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony on wing for California, and detained them just long enough to give éclat to the formal opening of our new woman suffrage rooms. Although an impromptu reception, it proved a most delightful affair—one announcement through the papers being sufficient to bring out hundreds of our best citizens, and all our suffrage advocates to welcome and congratulate our best beloved, oldest, most unselfish and earnest champions. Wherever they go the people rally around them as the motive power in this glorious reform.

Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, Mrs. Matilda Gage, of New-York, and Mrs. Walker, of Kansas, joined with home speakers in instructing the uninitiated with reference to their new prerogatives under the fourteenth amendment, and enjoining upon all their duty in regard to registering and voting. As we listened to these speakers, a new light and enthusiasm seemed to brighten and beautify the faces of the fashionable women present, as they caught the inspiration of the new and higher life that is opening up for all womankind. Many who had never been converted nor attended a "woman's rights" meeting before, joined our association, and inquired what they could do to help on the good work.

The evening was one of great pleasure and profit, and we all went home greatly encouraged and more in earnest than ever. Our new rooms are the joint headquarters of the Northwestern, Illinois State, Cook County, and Chicago City Suffrage Associations, and if the motto prove true that in union is strength, you will hear reports of great work accomplished during the coming year.

Last year we labored under great disadvantage, and did much; this year we have a most perfect and harmonious organization, and confidently expect to vote in Illinois in '72. The State that holds the sacred remains of the great emancipator will, we trust, be the first out to emancipate her daughters.

When your ever-welcome REVOLUTION came this morning, bringing the news of the Boston suffrage meeting, I thanked God for dear, grand Lucretia Mott. God bless her for protesting against that abominable "Free-Love" resolution! it is an insult to the women engaged in this movement, and but for the "vagueness," would be a disgrace to the association from whence it emanated. It is a libel against the movement, and no true friend who has the vision to see the end from the beginning would care to admit in the annals of our struggle the necessity for such a resolution. They should leave that work for our opponents; for by attempting to blacken and defame the head of this movement, they can't convert the feet into a head.

Just here allow me to say that the women of the West are not at all frightened by this Free-Love grip; it is the last wriggle of the serpent. Every reform has to meet and defy the charge of "infidelity" and "Free-Love."

Christ the Immaculate One was accused by the licentious Jews of his day of associating with harlots and sinners; and, doubtless, the next day after he sent out his first missionary

(the woman at the well), they held a convention to wash their hands of this woman whom Christ considered a fit messenger to speak of him to her people, although he knew that she had five husbands, and the one she then lived with was not her husband; but he knew also that vile as she was she could neither degrade nor kill the truth which emanates from God and is as immortal as divinity.

Peter was a coward and a liar, yet at that wondrous meeting after the resurrection, Christ offered no resolution saying that he did not affiliate with nor endorse such. If the blessed Christ had waited to find twelve apostles as pure as himself to preach his gospel to a dying world, I fear it would never have been preached.

Yours truly, 9 J.

DON'T NEGLECT TO VOTE.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE NORTH WESTERN ILLINOIS STATE AND COOK COUNTY WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATIONS, 145 Madison St., (Rooms 39 and 40), directly opp. Farnwell Hall, CHICAGO, ILL., June 7th, 1871.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

I am delighted to find these pleasant headquarters in Chicago—just what every city in the nation should have. The friends here are wide awake; have an opening reception to-morrow, P. M., to give to all an opportunity to see their rooms; also, Mrs. M. Joslyn, Gage, Stanton, and Anthony, and their old co-worker and editor of the Chicago *Sorosis*, Mrs. M. L. Walker, now of Kansas.

At Xenia, Ohio, I had twelve of the twenty women of Yellow Springs, who offered their votes at the last election. They rode over nine miles in a lumber wagon, and right glad was I to shake hands with every one of them all round. Those women and many more are working to marshal a large army to go to the polls at the autumn election. They, meantime, will supply the judges of election with tracts and speeches, and most convincing and exhaustive of all, Gen. Butler's minority report on the Woodhull Memorial, and thus do all in their power to enlighten those gentlemen, that they may see that it is not only their right, but their duty to accept the votes of women.

And this, now, is the work for earnest women everywhere—to teach the women that they have the right to vote, and the Board of Registry and Judges of Election that it is their duty to take the names and votes of women. Don't fail to have packages of THE REVOLUTION waiting us at every point.

You will see by the enclosed letter that Stanton and Anthony are to have the honor of addressing the people of Salt Lake from the pulpit of the tabernacle of the Saints.

Off for Des Moines,

S. B. ANTHONY.

A NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETY.

[Miss Anthony has kindly furnished us with the following letter from Mrs. DeWolf, which gives an able account of the National Woman Suffrage Society of the future, which has had its birth in the large brains of the women of California.—ED.]

SAN FRANCISCO, May 24th, 1871.

MY DEAR MISS ANTHONY:—Your interesting letter written for our Convention came in time to be read before a large body at one of our evening sessions, and met with much ap-

plause—all were delighted with the announcement that you are coming among us at last. Enclosed I send you the resolutions adopted by the Pacific Slope Woman's Suffrage Convention on the 16th-19th May. By them you will see how extensive is our plan of operations. Our Convention was a grand affair, far exceeding our most sanguine anticipations. The National Convention therein recommended, and the mammoth petition, are just what our Board of Control recommended the old National Society to do year since.

We want to unite the Pacific States and Territories into a homogeneous realm and working body. We want a national power, national unity and co-operation, not only on this coast, but throughout the entire nation. We can't afford to fritter away our efforts on fragmentary movements, therefore we want to nationalize our movement, and to do this we must assist friends and workers in all the States to unite in a National Society. There should be an address put forth at once, calling for signatures to a petition asking Congress to enfranchise woman in the District of Columbia and the Territories at once, and to adopt a sixteenth amendment, and to pass a law declaring woman's right to the ballot under the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States, accompanied with proper directions as to its circulation, where, to whom, and where to be sent, and the great object designed to be accomplished thereby. That Convention, if properly advertised, would convene 20,000 people in Washington. The petition should be carried into the Hall of Congress by two women from each State and Territory. This programme would awaken an interest and enthusiasm all over the country, and with proper effort would swell the petition to immense proportions. This excitement once awakened would tend to discourage indifference on the part of the lukewarm, and opposition on the part of the kid-glove class, who prefer to dispense with the ballot till it shall be obtained by and through the influence of the *ton*; and the cause can be united into one grand National Society, through the labors and suffrage of delegates from all parts of the country, which will impart to it confidence, influence, and power.

For all feel the importance of having such a National Society as regards its membership as you refer to. Our platform must be as broad as that of a political party—accept all upon it who are disposed to labor for woman's suffrage.

We want a National Society that will throw back on its auxiliaries this healthy and strengthening influence.

The location of this National Society we feel should be at Washington or New York, which can comprehend the movement in all its sublime grandeur, with ability to so direct the remote parts as to act in harmony with the general plan, and have an organization that will be truly national, and run it for the instruction and benefit of the movement in all the States and Territories.

I am yours, with profound respect,
E. A. H. DeWOLF,
Cor. Sec. of the State Board of Control.

Burnett's Cologne—The best in America. Burnett's Cocaine, the best hair-dressing. Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best. Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic. Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

The Revolution.

OUR COUNTRY LETTER.

WOBDBINE STATION.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

I wish you could see Woodbine cottage, smothered in roses, of a moonlight evening, when the doors and windows are all open, and Jessie is playing something from Weber or Shubert in the still parlor, very softly. Then existence seems silver-lined and silver-edged, and the waters of the bay out yonder make a level floor of jasper and amethyst to the opposite shore, with a tug-boat snorting along on its way, black as ink, with just one lidless, red, cyclopean eye, and the snowy sail of a yacht flitting past, and the song of the excursionists coming sweetly over the waves. The little garden is dew-spangled, and the scent of mignonette and honeysuckle is coming in at the window; and at such moments I am sceptical about the wrongs and misery of the world. On the planet where Woodbine cottage lies bathed in moonlight surely there are no sighs, and groans, and bitter tears. Women are not oppressed—nor men either. Over on the dark shore yonder such things may be, but not in this realm of peace and beauty.

It is well for our humanitarianism that we cannot always linger on the moonlit side of life, but must paddle our canoe over to the dark shore where men and women work and weep, and there are marred lives, and broken hearts, and grinding cares, and the hideous aspects of poverty. Do we wonder that the dwellers in a summer land of perpetual bloom and fragrance are un vexed by questions of right and wrong, or callous to many forms of suffering? The old Greeks, it seems to me, in the perpetual contemplation of sensuous beauty, must have been a heartless set of people; and if there were a longer stretch of sunshine in our Northern year, more blossoms and fervid heat, who could tell whether women would care much about voting.

We are a household of women here at Woodbine cottage, and though we declare every day how particularly jolly it is not to have any of the masculine gender bothering around, obliging us to cook and dress for them, and though we can debate on the woman question without any great opinionated prejudiced man to refute, still, in spite of these luxuries, there are moments when a lord of creation would be a convenience. Jessie and I pride ourselves on being rather strong-minded, and if we have any nervous tremors o' nights we take good pains to conceal them; but little Bess has a mortal dread of burglars, and don't care who knows it. She keeps three or four old hats on the hat-stand, one a particularly ancient head-piece of fur, that used to belong to grandfather White; to mislead tramps and prowlers relative to the inmates of the cottage. She has also rummaged the garret and brought to light some fishing tackle, the property of Jack before he went West, and also an old shot gun of his, and had them slung against the wall of the passage way, to strike terror to the soul of any evil-minded being who may chance to ring at the bell. The old gun hasn't been loaded for years, but that made no difference. Bess brought it down stairs with a degree of caution which showed she expected it would explode (the horrid thing) in her hands and knock Woodbine cottage into the middle of next week. There isn't a charge of powder and shot nearer than Mayhew's store, down

on the Clove road; but still little Bess has immense faith in the ancient flint-lock, and I suspect we all have.

But the crowning device of Bessie's inventive little brain is *boots*. A pair of mens' boots, large, square-toed, and hideous, looking as if they belonged to a man weighing at least two hundred, a broad-chested giant, with a mighty fist, stand in the hall close to the door, with a peculiarly aggressive, ugly expression. These boots are supposed to be the property of Mr. Firebrace, an exceedingly irritable, dangerous person, and when Bess hears anybody prowling round of a dark night, she opens the window and calls out Mr. Firebrace at the top of her lungs. The joke of it is, Bess hired the boots for fifty cents a month of the man who makes our garden, and we have no end of fun over the mythical Mr. Firebrace.

Time was when the inmates of Woodbine cottage kept a dog—a large, fierce animal of mixed Newfoundland and St. Bernard breed, with an immense relish for the calves of truant boys' legs, who were found dropping over the fence, intent on the strawberry patch. As neighbors began to view the cottage askance, as if the word "dangerous" had somewhere been written on the clap-boards, we concluded to chain up Bose in his hutch, letting him out only at a somewhat late hour of the evening. One night it so chanced that the expressman drove into the yard about nine o'clock, with a barrel of flour from town, and Bose pounced upon him in a close hug. Jehu was awfully scared, and used some of the longest oaths I ever heard. A week after there was considerable dead dog lying round. Poor Bose had been beguiled with a piece of poisoned meat, and now there is a grave in the garden, and a practical epitaph composed by Jessie.

There is always some new phase of what Jack calls "servantganism." A few days ago half a dozen long-coated priests came over from the city to hold a "mission"—a religious exercise that obliges all the Biddies of the neighborhood to turn out of their beds at the unseemly hour of three in the morning, to go off through the darkness to the little church on the hill. Our particular Biddy is a very zealous churchwoman. She says "she don't know what religion has got to do with chatin' and stalin', but she's sure the likes of her will never go to heaven unless she minds the praste."

One night, or rather morning, last week I was startled from my slumbers by Bess, who had cutched tight hold of me. "There's somebody in the house," she whispered, in a perfect panic of fright. "Listen! Don't you hear steps?"

I did listen, with my heart in my throat, and sure enough a stealthy movement reached my ear. "It's a cat," I suggested, tremblingly.

"No, it's a man," said Jessie, who had been wakened, and had come in from her own room, which adjoined. "This door won't lock, and he may come up stairs."

"Put the silver-basket out in the hall," begged Bess; "and let him take it, only if he won't molest us."

"Never," cried Jessica, very much like a grand tragedy queen. "I'll defend our own and my father's ducats with my last breath," or words to this effect.

She put a shawl on over her night-dress, with her long hair streaming down, took the little night-lamp in her hand, and descended

the stairs. I mustered courage to creep into the hall and look over the hand-rail, while Bess secreted herself under the dresses in the closet.

Jessie marched heroically up to where the old fire-arm hung, and took it down; then she proceeded to the dining-room, flung open the door, and called out thusly: "Who are you?" in a deep bass, as if it were customary for burglars to send in a card with name and address. "If you don't show yourself I'll shoot."

"Instantly I heard Biddy's cheery Celtic brogue: "Howly faythers, Miss Jessie, don't be afferth pintin' that gun at me head. I got up to go to the mission, and I thought belikes I'd step about in me stockin' fate, so as not to be afferth wakin' of yese."

Jessie crept back to bed, and has boasted but little of her exploit since.

The Mrs. Jellebys of the neighborhood are getting up a fair to send moral pocket hand-kerchiefs to the Sandwich Islanders. Yesterday I thought I would try and do something for charity myself. I was out in the garden among the pea vines, noticing how horribly fast the weeds grow, when our next neighbor, a small, withered woman, who is constantly darting out of the door of her tiny dwelling after three obstreperous boys, came and looked over the fence. We got into conversation, and she told me some of her trials with her boys and her old man, who takes a drop too much now and then. "Why don't you send your boys to school," I inquired.

"And where can I get clothes to send them among decent folks, when it's as much as the likes of me can do to keep soul and body together?"

I remembered that the best charity is to help people to help themselves. So I said at length: "Let your two eldest come up and weed in the flower-beds, and do little odd jobs round the garden. If they work faithfully I will give them sixpence an hour apiece, and in that way they can earn some clothes."

My little Irish neighbor went off joyfully, and to-morrow I shall begin tutoring her wild bairns.

Ever yours,

LOUNGER.

ARRANGEMENT OF ROOMS.

Give your apartments expression—character. Rooms which mean nothing are cheerless, indeed. Study light and shade, and the combination and arrangement of drapery, furniture and pictures. Allow nothing to look isolated, but let everything present an air of sociability. Observe a room immediately after a number have left it, and then, as you arrange the furniture, disurb as little as possible the relative position of chairs, ottomans and sofas. Place two or three chairs in conversational attitude in some cheery corner, an ottoman within easy distance of a sofa, a chair near your stand of stereoscopic views or engravings, and one where a good light will fall on the book which you may reach from the table near. Make little studies of effect which shall repay the more than the casual observer, and do not leave it possible for one to make the criticism which applies to so many homes, even of wealth and elegance—"fine carpets, handsome furniture, a few pictures and elegant nothings—but how dreary!" The chilling atmosphere is felt at once, and we cannot divest ourselves of the idea that we must maintain a stiff and severe demeanor, to accord with the spirit of the place. Make your homes, then, so cheerful that, if we visit you, we may be joyous and unconstrained and not feel ourselves out of harmony with our surroundings.—*Art Review*.

The Revolution.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning women's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enforcement, and general warfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writer, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamp. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1871.

IMPORTANT TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

AN ATTRACTIVE LIST OF PREMIUMS.

For 15 Subscribers and \$80,	we will give a Doty Washing Machine. One of the best assistants in domestic labor.
" 12 "	" \$24. A Doty Clothes Wringer. No housewife should be without it.
" 10 "	" \$20, a splendid bronzed eight-day Clock.
10 "	" \$20, one Dress Pattern, fifteen yards, best quality black silk.
" 10 "	" \$20, a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; something needed in every family.
" 9 "	" \$18, one dozen Spoons, heavily plated.
9 "	" \$18, one dozen silver plated Forks.
" 9 "	" \$18, one dozen silver plated Teaspoons.
" 9 "	" \$18, one dozen Dinner Knives, best quality.
" 7 "	" \$14, one set of French China, 44 pieces.
" 6 "	" \$12, silver plated Cake Basket.
" 5 "	" \$12, " Butter Dish.
8 "	" \$10, one lined damask Table Cloth.
" 3 "	" \$6, one of Prang's Celebrated Chromos, "The Kid's Playground."
" 3 "	" \$6, Prang's beautiful Steel Engravings, "Our Women Warriors."
" "	" \$4, Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.
" 2 "	" \$4, silver plated Butter-Knife.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

THE DOMESTIC TRAINING OF WOMEN.

LONDON, May 27, 1871.

It has been the custom from time immemorial for high authorities to assure women that their proper sphere is and must ever be the home circle. Good society under various forms of civilization and in various ages, has been agreed on this one point, that the highest prize which a woman can gain in life is a wedding-ring. To this end to be attractive and agreeable is a woman's first duty; that education, also, is pronounced the best one which is such as to fit a young girl to be a good wife and mother.

As this theory of woman's work in the world has been so generally accepted, it would be natural enough to suppose that society must have, by this time, arranged the machinery which should carry forward this business without any hitches or friction.

One would expect that each girl on arriving at a marriageable age would be at once provided by her friends with a suitable husband, but on the contrary, only in a few countries do we find this to be the case.

The French, indeed, being a nation rather

addicted to putting their theories into practice, do provide their girls with dowries and husbands, as they furnish their boys with the means of entering upon the business or profession which they have chosen for them.

But the French are in the minority among the nations, in this reduction of theory to practice.

Since it is the world's decision that wifehood and motherhood are the only legitimate professions open to woman, it is, also, but natural to expect this same world to make proper provision to fit these women for the career to which they are destined. One would suppose that both home and school training would be such as to prepare the young girls well for their life-work, and as there have been improvements in the education and preparation of men for their special departments of labor in these late days, one would expect a corresponding improvement in the fitting of the young girls of to-day for their special occupations, over that which women had in our great grandmother's time.

In the rapid march of progress the wives and mothers of this nineteenth century ought to be far better than those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The care and training of children, all branches of housekeeping, all the details of household economy ought to be better understood by the matrons of our time than by those of any past epoch in the history of the race.

It is, therefore, rather surprising that a general wail is heard all over the civilized world, at the inefficiency of the wives and mothers of our generation. Their ignorance of the simplest hygienic laws, their incapacity in household management, in short their general good-for-nothingness, resulting in the breaking up of homes and family-life, and the herding together of people in boarding-houses, those poor apologies for homes, are subjects for lamentations familiar to everybody.

At a public meeting in London where the subject of the ignorance of women of their household duties was discussed, it was stated by a gentleman that in one parish in England there "was not one girl in seventeen who was able to boil a potato." Another gentleman declared that the indifference and negligence of women to household affairs was destroying the stronghold of family life, and was one of the most outward and visible signs of the deterioration of the English nation.

It is a singular fact that this discussion of woman's failure in domestic duties took place in the Victoria Discussion Society, among the "strong-minded women of London"—those women who are popularly supposed to take no interest in the practical and hum-drudgery details of domestic life. A popular impression by the way, which is only one of many popular errors as regards the so-called strong-minded sisterhood.

It is, on the contrary, to this much abused class that the changes already effected—alas! all too few—in modern school-girl education are due. It is at their suggestion that physiology is taught to our girls; that healthy out-of-door exercise is no longer considered unlady-like, but is encouraged; that thick-soled shoes and warm and loose clothing supplant paper soles, and back-boards and corsets for growing girls, and it is at the suggestion of one of these same strong-minded women, too, that attention is directed to some remedies for the

ignorance of our women of their home duties.

Miss Emily Faithfull, not content with grumbling over woman's inefficiency and incapacity, has set to work to try and see if things may not be bettered. With the aid and co-operation of the Earl and Countess of Shaftsbury, the Countess of Warwick, Ladies Alfred Churchill, Collier and Blanche Balfour, Sir John Murray, Sir Erakine Perry, Sir William Ferguson, Dr. Sieveking, and Lord Lyttleton, she is about establishing a Training Institute in Domestic Economy, which it is hoped will soon be not only a well-established but a self-supporting institution.

Miss Faithfull is Honorary Director of the enterprise, and in this new undertaking she is giving another proof of the fact that the best people are always the ones to go to if you want help in any new work.

The plan and objects of the Institute are meeting with general approval in London and all over England. Miss Faithfull is in the constant receipt of letters of encouragement and approval. Even those who care nothing for woman suffrage and are opposed to the very name of woman's rights, say "this is really a good thing and worth the doing."

I subjoin the following details of the plan, which, in the main, will be that of the Institution, though there may be some minor changes in the practical workings of the scheme. A house is already engaged for the Institute, and the training-school will soon be in active operation.

The following brief statement will give a clear idea of the object and methods proposed by Miss Faithfull:

"This Institution hopes to counteract one of the greatest evils of the day, viz., the ignorance of women in all that relates to household management and domestic economy—an ignorance which is prevalent, not only amongst the lower, but also amongst the higher classes of society. The common cry of the day is, the difficulty of obtaining good servants, and to this complaint may be added, with equal justice, the difficulty of getting good Mistresses, who are acquainted, as all mistresses should be, with the ordinary duties of domestic life.

"Lessons in Cookery will be established, which members of every class can attend as they do those for drawing, music, and other accomplishments.

"Lectures also will be delivered on food, cooking, housekeeping, the laws of health, and other subjects.

"A course of practical lessons in the preparation and dressing of meat, poultry, fish, vegetables, etc., including the higher branches of the culinary art, such as made-dishes, confectionery, ices, setting of the table and dessert, etc., will be offered to those ladies who wish to gain an insight into this necessary art.

"Baking will be taught, and the training of Cooks and Still-room Maids will also receive attention.

"The Institution will be opened at the West-End, and will supply several requirements which have long been severely felt by ladies resident in, or temporary visitors to, London.

"A Reading-Room (for the use of ladies only) will be opened from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., to which a Dressing-Room and Parcels' Room will be attached.

"A Restaurant for the use of members and visitors (including gentlemen). The scale of charge for breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners will be made as low as possible, while the daily bill of fare will be as varied as the season permits.

"To ladies residing in London, as well as those coming up on business, or for a day's shopping, the accommodation thus offered is very great; while at the same time the learners of the working class which it proposes to serve will be, through its agency, rendered capable of fulfilling the various duties of their station.

"Ladies will be received as members of the Reading-Room on payment of \$11a. yearly. Entrance Fee, \$1 1s. For ladies engaged in professional duties and those residing in the country the entrance fee will be 10s. 6d. only.

The Revolution.

"A capital of £3000 is required before commencing operations. £300 has been promised by one gentleman (Mr. Peck) if the rest can be raised.

"Donations received:

"Lady Blanche Balfour, £30, and £30 has been collected in sums of £10 from each donor."

This is a move in the right direction; let us hope its success will be equal to its deserts.

IMMEDIATE ACTION.

The question of importance relative to anything awaiting accomplishment are how and when? Besides, there is generally more than one way of doing a thing, and when the best method cannot be compassed at once, some other process comes into use temporarily.

Suppose the demand for woman suffrage be not finally settled on the basis of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, that does not alter its immediate value for answering the questions how and when. A woman who tries to vote under the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments can no more than fail. It is a brave thing for any woman to attempt, and we urge women everywhere to put the matter to proof whenever an opportunity occurs. Let even a handful of women, in fifty different towns, try to do this thing at any given election, and even though the majority of them should fail in their purpose, the determination evinced to leave no stone unturned, in securing their political rights would exert more influence on the minds of men who control the ballot than any other means at command.

Men know that when women will they will, with faces set firmly toward the polls, determined to accomplish what they have so long talked of and plead for, patient to bear a first defeat, or a second, undaunted by the refusal of election inspectors to allow them even to register, returning again and again to the charge, until, like the widow in the Bible story, their opportunities shall constrain the judges to give them what they want, when dead to a sense of justice.

Many men look upon the claim of women to the ballot as a joke. They are not yet even prepared to treat it with seriousness. There are influential journals, notably the *Tribune*, that scarcely ever touch the subject except to make fun of it, or to mislead the public mind. Anything that can implicate the cause with disgrace and infamy is loudly proclaimed, but the good, solid grounds held by intelligent advocates of woman's rights, and all that embodies the reasonableness of their demands, goes unnoticed.

This cannot be the case much longer, and the arguments on which woman's emancipation hinge will not continue to vainly plead for notice even from intellectual dogmatists and sneering cynics. Clever gibes and flabby logic have about had their day, and if there are any good reasons why women should not vote we shall, probably, in the next year or two, see them spread before the public by editors forced by the exigencies of the times to think as closely upon this subject as upon any other of great importance.

Women can rivel attention on the subject by determined, persistent, unwavering effort. Let them register if they can, and reach the ballot box by any fair and proper means. This can be done without the smallest breach of feminine propriety. Mrs. Gardner, not long since, rode to the Detroit polls in her

carriage, and dropped her vote without even being elbowed by a rough crowd, such as ladies often encounter in going to the theatre. The women voters of London describe the process as much like that of slipping a letter into the postoffice. No woman need fear insult or annoyance if in modest garb she goes quietly to the polls, and tries to do what she believes to be a duty. The privilege to put their right to proof has been hailed with joy by multitudes of women, who are tired of long waiting, and desire an opportunity for immediate action. To all such we would say, go and vote, or, at least, try to vote, at the next election in your district. If there is a woman's rights man in the neighborhood, get him to help you, and thus test his principles. Form a club of women if you can, each pledging herself to demand registration, and if she succeeds, to try and vote. If you cannot do this, go singly and alone; be the one woman who dared, and if you fail once, try a second time. Brag is a good dog, but holdfast is better. We want to see this holdfast spirit awakened among the women, which cannot be frightened, brow-beaten or cowed. People say to us constantly, if you want your rights take them, nobody will hinder! And this, we believe, is the very best method of taking our rights.

THE DES MOINES SCHOOL ELECTION.

Mrs. J. W. Cattell and Mrs. S. C. Rankin presented their names as candidates for the Board of Education on the east side of the river, and Mrs. Maria B. Gray and Mrs. Martha B. Haven on the west side. Mrs. Gray stood third on the list voted for, and Mrs. Haven next. The ladies on the west side lacked only two or three votes of being the highest on the list voted for, and there is not the least doubt but they would have been elected had they thought of presenting themselves in time.

I wish the women everywhere would bear in mind that they *have the right to be voted for*, and put their names on lists of candidates for office, especially for members of the school boards, and the common councils of the city. For women to assume positions of power and control over the schools, dancing-saloons, amusements, dram-shops, gambling-houses, and brothels of the city and country would at once relieve men of a portion of their responsibilities, and that portion, too, for the regulation and abolition of which they have proved themselves incompetent.

Let women have done with saying, "If I were one of the school board, or one of the common council, things wouldn't be so and so." Make yourselves members, and no longer allow yourselves to shirk the responsibility upon men's shoulders.

If dens of vice and infamy are open by night and by day, it is the women whom God will now hold guilty, not men alone as before.

S. B. A.

MR. CURTIS BEFORE PACKER INSTITUTE.

Mr. George W. Curtis, in his address at the anniversary of Packer Institute, made a very wise and sensible departure from the oft-repeated admonitions and counsels which clerical gentlemen and learned professors are apt to indulge in on commencement day. In his peculiarly winning and limpid style of elo-

quence, he told the five hundred young women assembled before him that the summer Helen of Troy saw was no more beautiful than the summer we see to-day. He showed the fallacy of eulogizing the good old times when these times are so much better; for in spite of the boasted culture of Greece, Athenian women were an outlawed class. The highest intellectual development, until lately, has been only for men, and there is no inhumanity so revolting as that spirit which says to any human being, "Your education shall go no further than I think best."

Dean Swift says that all knowledge beyond the merely domestic renders women vain and conceited; that an educated wife would learn to despise her husband. Men universally agreed that under these circumstances women must remain in ignorance. "Why should women be taught?" ask a great many of my audience; "a woman can make light bread, if she can't calculate an eclipse." Must then a woman, to be a good wife, be utterly ignorant? Can a woman be as fully a mother if she is not able to lead her children's minds in the path of knowledge? If the standard of woman's education has always been low, it has been because the estimate of woman was low; and that said standard is rising is attributable to the fact that the estimate of woman is higher. The question, "What do women want of an education?" is only an insult. There is very seldom any trace, even in our literature, of any really humane allusion to women. Shakespeare, as usual, was an exception. Women were a kingdom of Lilliput to the complacent Gulliver, Addison. Alexander Pope turned like a snake and hissed in venomous couplet, "Every woman is at heart a rake." Byron feebly echoed this sentiment in Childe Harold.

A man who most compliments a woman is the one who most despises her. Suppose that to-morrow we read that there was a famous banquet, at which only men were present, and toward morning the last regular toast was proposed: "Woman—Heaven's last gift to man." A romantic and chivalrous gentleman responded, and afterwards these who were able took their way home, singing and hiccuping boisterously. These men are among those who hope that women will never by any possibility fly out of their sphere. I know of no subject that has been so ridiculously talked, preached, and written about as this one of woman's sphere. Says man, "Home is a woman's heaven." I believe it; but if a woman tries to run away from her home it is no heaven to her. You cannot know the sphere of any morally responsible being until he has had an opportunity of proving it. The heaven-appointed sphere of that woman who puts love of learning against all other loves is not the kitchen nor yet the nursery. Lucretia Mott, in fighting the bondage of slavery, is doing what God intended her to do. He gave her the gift of eloquence, and she uses it as he desires. Women are born to be sweethearts, and wives, and mothers; but it is impious to suppose that equality as a human being will make wives, mothers, and sweethearts less lovely, modest, and revered.

These words and thoughts have the true ring to them, and are calculated to indoctrinate our girls with principles of enlarged freedom which the coming woman is destined to enjoy.

The Revolution.

THE PRACTICAL ISSUE.

The woman movement means vastly more than woman's suffrage. It means the complete emancipation of women from all political disabilities, and all legal, social, and industrial inequalities, to a position of essential equality with men. It means giving to women every right, privilege, opportunity, incentive, and inspiration that are accorded to men. It means the placing of woman before man, as Eve was placed before Adam in the garden, his peer in everything, and like him responsible only to her Maker for the use of her faculties and the fulfilment of her trust.

Of course a movement so radical and profound as this is, necessarily involves many issues and ideas besides that of suffrage. It is a vast social upheaval, or rather the slow and steady rise of a new hemisphere of humanity, lifting everything with it to another elevation, and totally changing the relative position of things. Give woman the ballot, make her the political equal of man, and other things must necessarily follow; her industrial rights must needs be protected; her legal claims will be shortly recognized and allowed; her social independence will soon be accorded to her; and there will of necessity be a total readjustment of the relations of husband and wife, with the terms of their union and separation, if separation there need be. Begin at the other end, and secure equality for woman with man before the law, equality of wages in the shop and school, social liberty, and the means of escape from marital tyranny when it becomes hopeless and unendurable, and suffrage will follow as an inevitable result. The links of the chain are welded together, and each draws the others on. Woman's suffrage and the complete emancipation of the sex are one and inseparable. And things thus interwoven and involved with each other in fact, cannot be kept apart in thought and speech.

Then why not discuss any and all the social theories which are in any way connected with this movement, in the papers and on the platforms devoted to its advancement. Certainly every issue directly involved in this movement and an essential part of it is a legitimate topic for consideration. It would be as impolitic as it is wrong to lock any earnest lips lest they should utter unwelcome truths, or hide any of the workings of one thought and system lest they should shock sensitive eyes. We tolerate no compromise; we will neither practice nor connive at concealment. But many things are incidentally associated with the woman movement that are not necessarily connected with it, and for which it is in no sense responsible. Freelovery has nothing whatever to do with it. That originated with men, and is a thousand times more their affair than ours. Its leading advocates are men; and if any hands have ever been stained with guilt and any souls blighted with mildew they belong to men far more than to women. The abrogation or disturbance of the marriage relation is no part of the woman movement, and is a matter that concerns men and society at large quite as much as woman. All that women ask, all the woman movement implies, is equality of rights and privileges between the sexes before the altar, in the home, and in the presence of the law if its hand is invoked to untie a knot that has be-

come an oppression. It demands the equality of woman with man before the law, not her independence of the law, and by no means that she shall be a law unto herself until in some higher stage of human development man shall also attain that elevation. It is responsible for nothing more; and to intrude other issues into its counsels is an impertinence; to fasten them upon it is an outrage.

The issues which the woman's movement presents are obvious, and all of them are obviously important. No one of them can be set forth too strongly or urged with too much force. But concentration is the condition of success. The finger carries the fist. It is the thin edge of the wedge that splits the log. It is of the utmost importance now that the attention of the friends of our cause should be directed to one sharply-defined, practical issue, and by concentrating all possible interest upon that, and bringing all possible arguments and influences to lean upon that point, secure its passage at the earliest moment. And the focal point of the whole movement, the point where it strikes the edge of practical affairs with greatest force and becomes a vital issue with society at large, is the question of suffrage. Shall woman be an enfranchised citizen of this republic? Shall she have an equal voice with men in choosing the rulers and determining the laws which she is taxed to support, and by which she is liable to be tried for life? Shall she have the ballot, which is the symbol of citizenship and the guaranty of all other rights? This is the practical issue which the women of America should unite with one heart and all-conquering enthusiasm in presenting to the world. The right of woman to a complete education, fair wages for her work, and a fair field to work in, and the ownership of her own property; equality with man before the law, and a freedom equal to his in every respect—these, and all similar topics are incidents to this one central and essential issue; they furnish grounds for argument, motive for appeal, propulsive force for driving home the staple which secures every link in the great chain.

And it is just on this practical issue that all true friends of woman and her emancipation can and ought to unite in self-forgetting devotion and labor in heroic earnestness. Personalities, and the jealousies, recriminations, and ambitions of individuals are unpardonable. We have no right to waste in selfish and senseless exhibitions of temper the precious oil that has been given to trim our lamps for a general illumination, and lead the way for the bridegroom's coming. We must show our fitness for the positions and trusts we demand by our ability to subordinate ourselves to our ideas, and concentrate our united energies upon one central purpose. We see no sufficient reason why the faithful and tried advocates of this great cause, who have stood by it through dark days and borne all possible opprobrium, should not unite in a spirit of noble concession and consecration, and forgetting all minor interests devote themselves anew to the great practical issue of the woman's cause. When this is done we shall hold the key of victory in our hand.

PROGRESS OF UNITARIANISM.

The Unitarian Conference recently held in Boston was somewhat noticeable for the absence of the radical wing, but the radical spirit

was present, and irresistably effected an innovation on time-honored custom by getting two women, Mrs. Gray and Mrs. James Freeman Clark, appointed to fill positions on the Executive Committee of the Unitarian Association. This triumph for the sisters of that cultured body was not accomplished without something of a struggle. The Rev. Robert Laird Collier was on hand to do battle for old-fogyism, and mighty leader as he is in the clerical camp, found his weight insufficient to turn the scale against the ladies.

The objection, that the gentlemen who had filled the posts it was proposed to assign to women were thoroughly qualified business men, while the ladies must necessarily be adjudged tyros, was somewhat diluted by the fact leaking out that perfect satisfaction did not exist in regard to the business management of these male experts, who have had no end of experience, and a few of the clergy were bold enough to avow that as the raising of funds was the principle object of the Committee, women, who are supposed to have a peculiarly dexterous method of securing money for charitable purposes, would probably help the cause along quite as effectually as men.

We are sorry the reverend editor of the *Liberal Christian* was not pleased with the result of the election. The wound evidently rankles, and has led to expressions indicating something very like ill-temper. The editor states the damaging fact "that women always have upset men's sober senses, and their very name breathed in public seems to drive men into tom-foolery and rhodomontade." This is rather hard on the majority of lay and clerical delegates who elected Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Clarke to the positions they now fill, and by implication puts them in a bad light.

At the banquet which usage has decreed shall crown a Unitarian Conference, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was among the speakers, and in her discourse she told one or two little anecdotes. One of them is as follows:

"In my younger days, when my heart was surging within me, I sat here by a reverend father of the church who is here to-night, and I said to him, 'I wonder how long it will be before a woman will be asked to speak here.' 'Never, I hope.' I have come here to-day for his disappointment, and to add to his mortification he is obliged to sit by and blow his bellows while I am speaking."

While speaking of Chicago the lady went on to say:

"It is not modest to praise people too much to their face, so I will not praise the Collier who is here, whatever I might say if he were absent, but I wish to say a word about our Collier—the man who has spoken such brave words for women. I would praise him with my whole heart. I have been in Chicago. I remember two handsome, stately Unitarian churches there. I have seen the outside of both of them, and I have been invited to the inside of one of them, not only to the inside, but to the very penetralia itself; for Robert Collier, with brotherly hand, led me up to his pulpit steps, and said: 'Come up, sister; the noblest employment is that which most ennobles.'"

The editor of the *Liberal Christian* does not appear to be a bit better pleased with Mrs. Howe's speech than he was with the election of women to office. He says:

"Mrs. Julia W. Howe made the first appearance of her sex on the speaking platform of the Unitarian Festival. How she got there we do not know, except that President Davis may have usurped the right to invite her. At any rate she made herself welcome, and proceeded, to the great delight of all but the victims, to impale at least two Doctors of Divinity on her spit. Private conversation and public speech fared alike, for why should women observe any mere masculine pretences?"

The Revolution.

It was certainly an awful and unheard of thing to impale two doctors of divinity. How could a delicate little lady like Mrs. Howe do such a monstrous deed? Had she confined her operations to humbler wearers of the cloth, to simple reverends, for instance, wholly unbolstered by the dignity of D. D., there might have been some excuse found for her, but to attack those mighty pillars of the church so shrined in the odor of sanctity and the dignity of title was worthy of all reprehension.

However great Mrs. Howe's temerity was in daring to pick flaws in those "perfect chirolytes" of Unitarianism, when she could just as well have tried her "prentice hand," on the small fry, it will certainly appear to some people that the editor in question might better have shown true Spartan fortitude under the trial, and smiled and smiled as if he liked it, taking especial pains never to let anybody know how much it hurt, for monstrous as it seems, there are persons possessed of so little true reverence, in fact, so profane, that they are inclined to laugh even at a great doctor of divinity, when he seems to them to be making himself ridiculous.

CRAZY FASHIONS.

A funny story is told of a stranger, a gentleman, who on seeing some young ladies enter a room, with dishevelled locks, crumpled hats, and disordered dresses, inquired the occasion of the scrimmage, on the supposition that the misses had been too freely using their fists and nails. According to the anecdote, he was completely dumbfounded when told that they were dressed in the height of the fashion.

It is impossible to traverse Broadway or the thoroughfares of any large city, without meeting the devotees of insane fashions, or fashions made so by their exaggeration. This is said to be an American peculiarity, and one to be deplored, owing to the wild and uncouth aspect it imparts to young girls, who are generally the first to run to extremes in all matters of dress. In days when Paris was the realm of the modiste, the styles adopted by French ladies of fashion were altered for the American market, so as to meet the demands of a more pronounced taste. The trains were elongated, the paniers enlarged, and trimming of a more flashy and elaborate kind substituted for the quieter styles worn by Europeans.

Some of the fashions that come to us from over the water are absurd, but many of them have been rendered so by the extremes to which American women insist on carrying them. The worst were bad in Europe, but the best are too often spoiled in America. After the caprices and whims of Parisian modistes have been vulgarized by the crude tastes of this country, they become what may well be styled crazy fashions.

Take, for instance, the Chatelaine braid, which, when neatly arranged, is an exceedingly pretty style of hair-dressing, as it shows the natural shape of the head, and gives those who have even a moderate amount of hair a chance to discard false switches, rats, etc. Instead of making the best of this fashion, the worst of it is constantly displayed upon our streets, and to the excuse it offers is pinned an untidy mass of braids, frizzles, and curls. A lady, we are informed, who would possess a

truly fashionable head, must spend from ninety to one hundred and twenty dollars in braids, and if Lady O'Luny's epitaph were to be rewritten, probably to the announcement that she was "bland, passionate, and deeply religious," and painted beautifully in water colors, would be added the fact that she was the happy possessor of a switch forty-four inches in length.

The frenzied heads of some of our young women, crowned with battered-looking gypsies, and straggling odds and ends of flowers, strongly remind us of the crazy Janes of the asylum, and the thought might suggest itself, as to whether it is safe to allow them to run at large, especially as the present mode of wearing little artless frizzles over the forehead gives a somewhat wild look to the eyes.

A necklace, when small and tasteful in design, is certainly a very pretty feminine ornament, but a few years ago we saw these toys enlarged to huge chains, and hung about the persons of young women who, with the profusion of glass beads and bugles then in vogue, looked as if they were personating Indian squaws. Again the gypsy hat now worn is a bewitching little piece of head gear, when properly adorned, but it is so overloaded with trimming, and piled with lace, feathers, flowers, ribbon and velvet, that shape is quite lost in a jumbled and tasteless mass of ornament.

The dress for the parlor with a skirt touching the ground, or trailing a few inches, can be tolerated (though we sincerely wish women everywhere would learn to look upon this appendage as a badge of servitude, and discard it forever), but our belles not content with the more modest and only graceful fashion of trailing garments, persist in dragging behind them five or six yards of expensive material, greatly to their own discomfort and the inconvenience of others. The fashion is senseless and degrading, but it holds its own with remarkable pertinacity. Not one woman in a hundred can wear this switching piece of cloth behind her with any peculiar grace. It gets into a heap, ties itself into knots, twists around chair-legs, tangles itself in the boots of men, and is, generally speaking, an unadulterated nuisance.

Now and then some woman moving like a goddess can wear a train, and not seem to belong to it, although we have never seen more than two on the stage or off who carried the appendage in a truly noble style. The difficulty, not to say anguish which women experience in managing this article of dress, should alone insure its condemnation. The short suit has so many genuine merits it cannot be easily spoiled. Everything possible has been done to make it practically worthless, as a comfortable and convenient garment, but it has triumphed over enormities of trimming and grotesque shapes, and is still the greatest blessing in the way of apparel ever granted to the sex.

Dress never made man or woman, but it certainly is an expression of character that demands attention, and the ease with which shameful costumes like the excessive and disgusting bustle now worn are adopted, shows that the taste of American women needs thorough artistic culture to prune away these extravagances of costume, which fasten the mark of inherent vulgarity wherever they are seen.

We know God easily, provided we do not constrain ourselves to define him.—*Joubert.*

Book Table.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS OF LABOR OF MASSACHUSETTS, embracing the account of its operations and inquiries from March 1st, 1870, to March 1st, 1871. Boston: Wright & Potter, State Printers.

The labor interest of this country is one of such vast importance, and presents so many complications in its relation to capital, that a volume like this, which presents both sides of the labor question in a clear, unprejudiced manner, is particularly valuable; the more so at the present time when the tendency is to flavor the facts of every occurrence to suit the taste of those for whom the dish is prepared. This volume, which is one of the valuable contributions that Massachusetts is constantly making in behalf of progress, contains a thorough and exhaustive report of the condition, prospects, wages, number and views of the workingmen and women of the State of Massachusetts, for the year ending March 1st, 1871. The full history of all the strikes that have taken place during the year are given both from the employee's and employer's stand-point. The causes, the progress, and result of each are clearly set forth, and the men who contemplate a strike may here learn what has and has not been accomplished by former strikes, and the prospect of their own success. Among the history of these strikes we find the one at North Adams, of the St. Crispins, which resulted in the introduction of Chinese labor into the manufacture of shoes, and which has since been the favorite theme of labor reformers in their onslaughts upon capital.

To the student of sociology, this volume must possess great interest from the light it throws on the many vexed questions of that science, and the insight it gives into the hidden springs of action. We trust it will not be long before each State of the Union shall furnish such valuable and comprehensive reports of the condition of the laboring and other interests within its own borders.

A LATE exchange says: We met with this witty and unanswerable retort in a sketch of a short trip through a portion of Ireland. The writer is conversing with his car-driver: "You are a Catholic, Jimmy?" "Yes, yer honor." "And you pray to the Virgin Mary?" "I do, yer honor." "Well, there's no doubt she was a good woman. The Bible says so. But she may have been no better than your mother or mine." "That's true, yer honor. But then, you'll allow there's a mighty difference in their children."

A GIRL in Portland was reading the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, when she suddenly paused. "Well, what did they forget?" asked the teacher, encouragingly. "They forgot their kerosene," responded Miss Five-year-old.

A CALIFORNIA man requested his wife, in a ball-room, to hold the baby of another man's wife while he danced with the baby's mother—but she didn't hold it. Some wives are too disobedient to put up with.

"Do you like novels?" asked Miss Fitzgerald of her backwoods lover. "I can't say," he replied, "I never ate any; but I'm death on possum."

—We are rejoiced to see that five shop girls of Third avenue, have through the columns of the New York *Star*, come to the defense of "Netta," in her difficulty with the Early Closing Association. It is a beautiful thing to find women standing by each other as these women stand by Netta. They throw all the blame on the men who have traduced this brave little woman, who, they say, "has done more practical good among our class than all the wealthy benevolent ladies in New York put together." They affirm that "the shop girls of the city are almost unanimously on her side, not only on account of the good she has done and is doing, but for the true nobleness and integrity of her character, which contrasts so vividly with the meanness and dastardliness of the men who traduced her." "Netta" believes prevention is better than cure, and she has given her time, her usefulness, and her hard-earned money to place the women of our class above the chances of suffering and temptation to which the hardness of our employers so frequently expose us. She thinks plenty of work at fair prices, and with time left for proper rest and self-improvement, is a better means of keeping the streets clear of that saddest of all sights, "lost women," than all the asylums and Magdalens' Homes that wealth can establish, or Midnight Missions labor for." This is a noble tribute to "Netta," and we doubt not she deserves it fully. Her ounce of prevention is what we advocate.

—According to the London *Athenaeum*, the summit of the Matterhorn still awaits a female foot—and, we believe, despite the labor and hazard, a female foot will one day press it. There is a niece of the Chanoine Carrel of Aosta who has nearly achieved it; and why should she not? for, as Dr. Tyndal notes, she has a wrist like a weaver's beam. Even the Samson of Allemare street may soon meet with his Dalilah, and then his Alpine locks will be hopelessly shorn. Those Alpine females do not belong to the "weaker sex," they are stronger than many men—at least literary men. Well do we remember that when we climbed the Crammont, hardly round the steep side which overhangs Cou'mayeur, and thought we had done no small thing, our guide introduced us to a vigorous damsel, well provided with goat's milk, who had actually preceeded us by the same precipitous and fatiguing way. We noted her carefully, and our conclusion was that she was equal to any single man in the Alpine Club, and a match for any two or three ordinary English adventurers. The maid of the Matterhorn will soon appear.

—The Hon. Wm. H. Seward's progress around the world so glitters with splendor, especially that portion of it pertaining to India, that a letter from Miss Hattie Risley, one of his travelling companions, published in the *Frederick Censor*, reads like a leaf torn from the "Arabian Nights." The Maharajah, who dwells in Pattealla, is the most gorgeous personage of modern times. He received Mr. Seward in a manner regardless of expense. Twenty-four elephants met him at the city gate, superbly caparisoned with ear-rings that swept the ground. The young ladies mounted these singular steeds by means of a silver ladder, and seated themselves in a howdah made of silver and gold, and thus were conveyed to a lovely palace kept exclusively for European guests. This expensive creature, the Maharajah, we are told, wears a coat encrusted with precious stones, worth about twelve thousand dollars, and thinks nothing of wearing thirty-six diamonds in his turban alone, each as large as two peas. Miss Olive Risley, the adopted daughter of Mr. Seward, is writing an account of her wonderful travels which she intends to publish on her return home.

The Revolution.

PROSPECTUS.

The Revolution is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name be thought too ungenteel to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A woman is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a bearded husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school-system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

Called into existence to utter the cry of the ill-paid of the unfriended, and of the disfranchised, this journal is woman's voice speaking from woman's heart.

Shall it not be heard? Is it not entitled to the sympathy and support of the women of America? Ought it not to be received as a welcome guest into their homes and hearts?

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OFFICE:

Brooklyn, No. 11 Fulton Street, near Fulton Ferry. All Letters should be addressed to

THE REVOLUTION ASSOCIATION,
Box 3002, New York City.

DURING a late performance of the "Lady of Lyons," at the Mormon Theater, in Salt Lake City, an old elder got up and indignant walked out of the house with his twenty-four wives, muttering, "I won't stay and see a play where a man makes such an awful fool of himself about one woman!"

Special Notices.

A GOOD MEDICINE.—The next best thing to a reliable physician in any community is a good medicine, and to a sincere and skillful practitioner it is an invaluable help. To know a remedy and to apply it is the Doctor's great business—aside from this his advice is from experimental practice, and we are only experimenting when following it. The reliable medicine is, therefore, the great *desideratum*. To direct when to administer it is all the physician is required to do. In Buchu, as prepared by Dr. Helmbold, we have, therefore, all that is needed. Every bottle of the extract has full directions for its use. It is no quack medicine, but comes to the patient with the recommendation of some of the brightest intellects known to the science of physics. A medicine bearing the unqualified endorsement of such men as Dr. PHYSIC, Professor DEWEES, Dr. EPHRAIM McDOWELL, and Prof. TRAVERS, of the Royal College of Surgeons, cannot fail to find its way to the confidence of millions of families. Hence the wealth of its distinguished preparer and its necessity to the family circle at all times and seasons. See advertisement elsewhere.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.—Keep Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar always at hand in the corner cupboard. By administering it in the early stages of cough, cold, influenza, croupy hoarseness, or sore throat, lung fever, diphtheria, croup, and other fatal diseases of the respiratory system, may always be prevented. Mothers, bear this in mind. The central depot for this matchless medicine is Crittenden's, 7 Sixth avenue, New-York, but it may be had of all the druggists at 50 cents and \$1. Great saving to purchase large size.

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SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON OUTSIDE PAGE.

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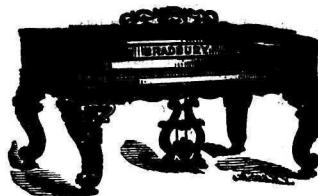
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